WORCESTER'S ILLUSTRATED QUARTO DICTIONARY.—Admitted by eminent scholars and the leading literary men of the Old and New World to be the standard Dictionary of the English Language. **PRICE $7,50.**

SWAN, BREWER & TILESTON, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

THE AGENT OF VANITY FAIR IN LONDON, ENGLAND, is JOHN ADAMS KNIGHT, Publisher of the "LONDON AMERICAN," No. 100 Fleet street. The trade will be supplied and subscriptions received at his office. Single copies also for sale.

VOL. 5. NO. 113

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

FEBRUARY 22.

1862.

THE SIREN OF SECESSION.

Napoleon.—MONSIEUR ROS-BIF, IS SHE NOT VARE NICE YOUNG LADY?

PRICE THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1862, by LOUIS H. STEPHENS in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

XUM

THE READERS OF
VANITY FAIR
WILL BEAR IN MIND THAT

E. ANTHONY,
501 BROADWAY,
(Three doors from the St. Nicholas Hotel,)
IS
HEAD QUARTERS FOR
PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,
STEROSCOPIC VIEWS,
AND
CARTE DE VISITE PHOTOGRAPHS OF CELEBRITIES.

It will be unwise to buy before seeing his assortment

The New Story of Real Life.

UNDERCURRENTS OF WALL STREET;
THE ROMANCE OF BUSINESS.
By RICHARD H. KIMBALL, author of "St. Leger."

"Mislike me not for my complexion,"—(Merchant of Venice.)

SKETCH OF CONTENTS.

The Crisis.
A Rich Merchant "carried under."
Recovery.
Prosperity and Social Position.
A Devoted Wife.
The Heiress and the Beggar Girl.
"Produce-panic."
Suspense—Suspension.
A "Best Friend" tested.
A Fashionable "Cut."
A Hypocrite and his Tool.
An Auction and a Funeral.
A Fall in Rents and Luxuries.
Visions of "The Wolf."
The Dens of the Bulls and Bears.
Bankers, Brokers, Usurers.
Earnest Words to Business Men.
The Note-Broker.
A Character—Splendid Chances.
Mines—Lands—Patents.
Port of Brunswick.
A Georgia Gentleman.
A Note-Shaver.
True Religion versus a Sham.
Success.
Disaster.
Arrest for Fraud.
A Wounded Spirit—"Who can bear it?"
Help from the Right Source.
Love and Hope.
A Mysterious Document.

One volume. 12mo. $1.25.

G. P. PUTNAM, Publisher,
NEW YORK.

IN PRESS—A new edition of ST. LEGER, (by the same author), which was one of the most remarkable and successful romances produced in this country.

Soldiers, see to your own health. Do not trust to the Army supplies. Cholera, Fever, and Bowel Complaint will follow your slightest indiscretion. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT should be in every man's knapsack. The British and French troops use no other medicines. Only 25 cents per Box or Pot. 216.

WARD & PARRY, PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS and Importers, (Successors to H. W. Derby.) 425 Broadway. Are selling their own Publications, together with all the current miscellaneous issues of the day at partly reduced prices.

They publish the following:

POPULAR BOOKS OF WIT AND HUMOR.

The Widow Bedott Papers, 12mo., cloth,	1 00 60
Mrs. Partington, by B. P. Shillaber,	1 00 60
The Sparrowgrass Papers,	1 00 60
Riley's Humors of the West,	1 00 60
Brougham's Humorous Irish Stories,	1 00 60
Miss Slimmens' Window,	1 00 60
Prentice's Wit and Humor,	1 00 60
Letters of Jack Downing, 12mo.,	1 00 60
Jack Downing's Yankee Stories,	1 00 60

Editors throughout the Country

Who have received this paper for ONE YEAR will please insert the following NOTICE AND TERMS—THREE TIMES in their advertising columns, and send marked copies of the papers containing the same to this office. The paper will not be sent to such as do not comply with our terms, as our exchange list is an unusually large one.

Notice to Subscribers.

WE OFFER AS A PREMIUM TO
EVERY THREE DOLLAR SUBSCRIBER TO VANITY FAIR,
A COPY OF THE
ARTEMUS WARD LETTERS,

To be shortly published, in book form, by RUDD & CARLETON, of this city. Price, $1 00.
We will send any other ONE DOLLAR Publication which may be preferred.
We do not prepay the paper to Premium Subscribers, but the
BOOK WILL BE SENT POSTAGE FREE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Copy one year	Postage unpaid	$2 50
" " and "Artemus Ward Letters,"	" unpaid	3 00
" "	" paid	3 00
Two Copies one year (to one address)	" paid	5 00
Five Copies one year (to one address)	" unpaid	10 00
One Copy one year and Worcester's Ills'd Quarto Dictionary	" unpaid	6 00
Three Copies one year and Worcester's Ills'd Quarto Dictionary		9 00

BOUND VOLUMES.

Single Volume	Postage paid	$2 00
Three Volumes and copy of paper one year, books prepaid only		7 00
Four Volumes and Copy of Paper, one year, books prepaid only		8 00
Three Volumes " " "	(to California) books prepaid only	8 00
Four Volumes " " " "	" "	9 00

Remittances must be made in Gold, New York or Eastern Currency, or other Currency at New York par. Seal all letters securely, and address plainly to

LOUIS H. STEPHENS, Publisher, & Proprietors,
No 100 Nassau street, N. Y,

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE
1862.

How completely the plan of this work is adapted to all the changes of the times has been shown in the past year. Without encroaching upon the space necessary for reprinting the choicest articles from the

FOREIGN REVIEWS, MAGAZINES AND JOURNALS

upon the other literature and topics of the day, a few pages every week record, for present edification and future reference, the Spirit of the

WAR OF OUR GREAT REBELLION.

We hope that before the end of 1862 we may be restored to communion with many friends and "fellow-countrymen" (as Judge Pettigru, in Charleston, has just called us) in the South—men who have been forced to submit to the conspiring minority. We long to testify to this venerable and distinguished patriot, and to all who hold like faith, how dearly we prize the bonds which connect us with them, and how lovingly we shall receive them to our hearts when "this tyranny shall be overpast."

It is hardly necessary to say much to the readers of THE EVENING POST about the plan and execution of THE LIVING AGE. Both have been highly commended by

CHANCELLOR KENT, JUSTICE STORY and PRESIDENT ADAMS; by PRESCOTT, BANCROFT, TICKNOR, and many other eminent men; and especially by the

EDITORS OF THE EVENING POST,

who have from time to time given praise to

It contains as much matter as four of the Great Reviews and Blackwood's Magazine; avoids all their dull and local articles; and combines in One all the best matter of twelve quarterlies, nineteen monthly magazines, and ten literary and political weekly journals. The last are not the least; for they have enlisted writers of the highest ability, and have the freshest commentaries upon the books and history of the times.

To subscribe to the LIVING AGE is economical; for here you have the whole pith and essence of all the Great Periodicals at the price of one of them. No clergyman or other professional man who has read it regularly will ever be willing to give it up. No Family able to appreciate it will remove it from the Centre-Table. No young Man who desires to improve his mind and his position in Society ought to do without it, if he can afford to pay for it.

It makes 52 numbers, four large volumes, a year.

☞ The price is SIX DOLLARS A YEAR, and we send it FREE OF POSTAGE. Address

LITTELL, SON & COMPANY, Boston.

IMPROVED
Gutta Percha
CEMENT
ROOFING
It is water-proof, and
Costs only about one-third as much as Tin,
AND IS TWICE AS DURABLE.

THE CHEAPEST and most DURABLE ROOFING in use. FIRE and WATER PROOF. Applied to New and Old Roofs of all kinds, and sent to all parts of the country with full directions for use. Send for a Circular

GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT ROOFING.
JOHNS & CROSLEY,
SOLE MANUFACTURERS.
78 WILLIAM ST.,
(COR. LIBERTY ST.),
NEW YORK.

GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT,
FOR preserving and repairing LEAKY METAL ROOFS of every description; WILL NOT CRACK IN COLD OR RUN IN WARM WEATHER.
Agents Wanted.
Terms Cash!

JOHNS & CROSLEY'S AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE, FOR CEMENTING WOOD, LEATHER, GLASS, IVORY, CHINA, MARBLE, PORCELAIN, ALABASTER, BONE, CORAL, &c., &c., the only article of the kind ever produced which will withstand water. Liberal terms to Wholesale Dealers.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.
JOHNS & CROSLEY, Sole Manufacturers,
Wholesale Warehouse, 78 William St., cor. Liberty.

Advertising Rates of Vanity Fair.

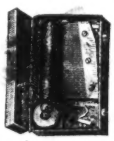
Title Page, 50 cents per line, occupying [illegible] the space across the page.

Title Page, $1.50 per line, across the page.

Second Page, 25 cents, wide column.

" " 10 cents, narrow column.

GREAT MUSICAL BOX DEPOT. M. J. PAILLARD, Importer, 21 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Has for sale the most extensive assortment in the country, at prices varying at Two to Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars, each playing 2, 3 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 16 and 24 airs.



BEAUTIFUL TOY BOXES FOR CHILDREN.
BOXES TO SUIT ALL AGES AND TASTES.
Call and examine them!
Fine Gold and Silver Watches Cheap for Cash.
MUSICAL BOXES REPAIRED.

Fowler & Wells' JOURNALS.

Enlarged and Improved. Price Increased.

Postmasters, Clergymen, Teachers, and others, are requested to act as Agents and get Clubs for our Journals:

THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN
PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL
AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

WATER-CURE JOURNAL,
A GUIDE TO HEALTH.

These Journals commence new volumes with January and July, and have been enlarged. giving now in each

24 PAGES MONTHLY, INSTEAD OF 16

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:

Single copy, monthly, one year.....$1

Ten copies, to separate addresses, if desired.....10

Any person sending Five Dollars for copies, will be entitled to AN EXTRA GRATIS. Add six cents a year for each subscriber in the British provinces to pay postage. Specimens sent free.

FOWLER & WELLS,
308 Broadway, New York.

Agents wanted everywhere to sell publications. Send for our Wholesale and Confidential Circular.

STEAM JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
44 ANN STREET.

CHAPIN & McKAY,
"VANITY FAIR" PRINTERS.

Newspaper, Book, Job and Card Printing neatly executed on the most reasonable terms, and with dispatch.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from Mc Arone.

FORT-ETUDE, Va. Feb 18

DEAR VANITY :—I was chatting with my old friend ABE LINCOLN, the other day, about matters and things . . .

"Do you know, my boy," said he, "who I consider the three greatest MACS in the world?"

"No," I replied.

"Well," he continued, "they are Mc ARONE, Mc CLELLAN, and MAX MARETZEK."

I blushed, even while I smiled. The compliment....which, I flatter myself, was not unmerited....touched me.

"Now, the other two," added ABE, "are doing all they can. GEORGE is constructing a splendid army, and MAX is conducting splendid orchestras. Why do you alone of the three, hide half your light under a bushel? As a commander, you have no equal; as a writer, you are without rivals. Why not reassume the stalwart pen, and make the world happy as of yore."

"I have just completed a work of fiction, Sire," I faltered.

"Aye," rejoined the President, almost sternly; "but a work of fiction is a work of falsehood, and a newspaper-correspondent should know naught of falsehood. It is not into their line of business...."

"Isn't it, though!" I exclaimed.

"Well, let that slide. I want you to do some more correspondence for VANITY FAIR. It is the only paper that I consider both sound and brilliant, and you are the most truthful writer I ever read."

"To hear is to obey," I answered....

Hence this letter.

All is quiet along the lines.

A movement, however, is shortly expected.

The Columns of the *Herald* will make an advance," eodtf."

Apropos of movements, I have picked up a curious anecdote of the recent capture of Fort Henry, in Tennessee, which illustrates the military enthusiasm of the Rebels.

There were three regiments of infantry, as you know, encamped outside the fort. It is unjustly reported that they became frightened and ran away. This is untrue.

It may not be generally known, but such is the ardor of the Southerners that their children....boys of six, eight, and ten years old....join the army with avidity....

The three regiments spoken of were seven year fellows, under Master Brigadier-General JONES....son of old JONES....barely turned nine....

The cannon-balls and shells from the federal gun-boats had the effect of routing out hundreds of butterflies from their winter quarters....the concussion of the air bursting their cocoon-cells....and these brave little chaps, weary and harrassed by the labors of campaigning, could not resist the temptation. Wrapt in a delicious day-dream of home, they chased the bright-winged insects hither and thither, through swamps and morass, over hill and dale, each one fancying himself once more at home in the stately gardens of his father's old baronial hall.

By the time the butterflies were captured, Fort Henry was surmounted by the Old Flag....

Master JONES did not think it prudent to return.

Hence arose the ridiculous story that they ran away in disorder. Let us be just, even to our foemen....or, perhaps I should say, our foe-boys.

This anecdote is strictly true. I was there, and saw it.

The great sensation in the army, as in all circles, just now, is the Finance question....

My plan will ultimately be adopted....

I propose that Government shall issue $900,000,000 in bills receivable, with consols attached, bearing interest. These are to be made a legal tender for all debts owed by Government, and a tax on expenditures may be levied to pay the interest at pleasure, after date. In this way, the United States debt can be paid at once, without costing anything, and we shall all have plenty of money.

This plan I have submitted to the Cabinet, and the Secretary of Finance has reported favorably upon it. Its simplicity is its great point of superiority over all others.

I will try to have a battle for you, next week, but just now, times are very dull, and I am

Mc ARONE.

DOCTOR IVES.

O say! have you heard of the fate of the Doctor,
Whose fortune was fair till his Misfortune knocked her;
With pity the fact every tender heart rives,
For they've taken to prison this poor Doctor IVES!

O he got along nicely, and never was seedy;
What with preaching and scribbling he seldom was needy,
'Till he went to the *Herald*, that bane of all lives,
And the *Herald* has dish'd him—this dear Doctor IVES!

Perhaps he had never been thus ravished from us,
If he only had stuck to the *Journal of Commerce*,
Or even the *Times;* but there's no luck survives
Such embraces as JAMIE bestowed upon IVES.

"Now gang ye," cried JAMIE, in syllables sweet,
To Washington town, to get news for my sheet;
See to it that early and fresh it arrives,
"Tho' they force you to steal it." "I will" answered IVES.

On his journey he goes; with demurest of faces,
He sneaks in and out of the government places;
Here, patient, he smells and there, fearless he dives,
Getting news for the *Herald*—this deep Doctor IVES.

And to make business better, he sends every word
To the rascally rebels, of what he has heard;
And so—would you think it?—this covy contrives
To humbug the *Herald* that fed Doctor IVES.

But the sharpest get cornered, and IVES though no dunce,
Went smelling 'round STANTON two often by once;
For STANTON smelt him, and commanded the gyves
To be placed on the wrists of this poor Doctor IVES.

Now hear, ye Bohemian people! who try
To write for the papers, and think you are sly!
O go without beer for the rest of your lives
Ere you try half-and-half like this dry Doctor IVES.

A Bothered Legislator.

ALBANY, Wednesday, Feb. 12th, 1862.

TO THE EDITOR OF VANITY FAIR:—Sir: I am, I regret to say, a Member of the Assembly. Last night I read in the New York *World* the following: "It will be time well spent if the Legislature should give less to *action* and more to *thought*." That's so. But how do you do it? I, for one, am willing to think, but how shall I begin? Must you sit to think, or stand to think, or go to bed to think, or put on a clean shirt to think, or take three cocktails instead of two, to think? How do you know when you are really thinking? How do your friends know? And, above all, does it hurt?

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

RUSTICUS GREEN.

P. S.—Can you make anything by thinking? and, if so, how much a day on an average? R. G.

I THINK A FELLER CAN DRESS FASHIONABLY AND TASTEFULLY WITHOUT MAKING A CONSPICOOUS ASS OF HISSELF.

CONFESSIONS OF AN OMNIBUS HORSE.

I.

Everybody knows who I am. I am among the horse race what JOHN SMITH is among the man kind. My relatives are scattered considerably; some are known as car horses, others as cart horses, others as carriage horses, others still as war horses, others again as saddle horses, and a few are designated as hobby or rocking horses.

I was waited upon the other day by an overgrown gentleman, with a pleasing Pennsylvania accent, and clothed in the ordinary undress of a well-to-do punster. He bowed, and seated himself on a bundle of straw which I proffered him. After commenting in a finished manner upon the weather, and venturing an opinion that our army will soon do something, if nothing seriously prevents, he called in one of our senior drivers, told him who he was and got him to introduce him (the stranger) to me in graceful style. This is about the way in which it was done.

Driver.—"Git up Old Hoss!" addressing me. "Look lively, and shake yer three cents worth o' tail! This 'ere man styles himself WANITY FARE, an' expex the honor o' yer 'quaintance."

This brought me to my feet—I had been lying down as usual when off duty. The usual compliments being exchanged, my visitor proceeded to explain the object he had in making my acquaintance. He assured me that he was not an office-seeker nor the agent of a patent—consequently he might pass for a gentleman, and I know that he smelt like one, for I sniffed him carefully, as I do all new comers. Finding that he was probably sound in wind, limb, and breed, I turned my only available ear towards him and listened to a proposition which he made me to become an author. Well, I laughed outright—a thing I have not caught myself doing for years, mine being a solemn nature.

"Make an author of me? You're a lunatic, sure!" said I. "Why, perhaps I am nothing but bruises and bones, and scarcely worth the fodder I get and the doctoring, but even so, I am not wholly destitute either in feeling or means. Do I look—do I really look so beggared and tuckered out that you think I would stoop to anything? My kind Sir, you know not the pride that fills my interior, humble though my exterior be. I might be sold for three dollars and a half to a Catharine Market huckster, but my self-respect would still be maintained. Out upon your suggestions! A literary hack indeed! Never!"

And with that I whipped my tail of thirteen gray hairs at him and took a mouthful of oats. He seemed rather staggered at first and I thought he meant to leave without further ado, but it was not so. No, he put on WILLIAM H. SEWARD'S favorite smile, and urged me "not to travel so fast." The novelty of this request rather startled me, for I candidly confess that I do not remember having any such words addressed me since my colt-hood's days. It was always "Wake up, old nag? Stir yer bones! Go 'long! What are yer waitin' fur, say?" Or some equally uncivil expression. So, the gentleman's remark awakened a new interest in me towards him and I attended cheerfully as he continued. He talked finely. He didn't want to injure but to benefit me and my companions, he said. All he hoped to get from me was a recital of experience, my biography in fact, to adorn the pages of the able journal which he represented.

That was something like! That was altogether a different affair, and so I told him. I could only feel flattered by his proposal, and really had no objection to being brought out in fine style, illustrated, and read and talked about by the whole community. My likeness in a respectable paper would certainly look well. I had always hankered after such notoriety, and it used to grieve me sorely to see prints of celebrated racers and prize-horses in the shop windows, while mine had never been sought by the owners of the many lines on which I have trudged.

Yes, I encouraged him to that extent that he smiled the SEWARDIAN smile again, and offered agreeable business terms, which I readily accepted. It matters not how much I am to get for my life, or whether I have furnished apartments in the Brevoort House or still loll round the Eighth Avenue stables. However, I may say this, which fact I forgot to mention in its proper place, that my friend rather annoyed me during the early part of our interview because I had misgivings that he owned a butcher's bazaar in the Sixteenth Ward, and had an eye to business in that way with me. This thought was perhaps uncharitable, but I know well what befel my grandmother—formerly the ACE-OF-SPADES, and a fine trotter in her day.

I guess she acted as sustenance to a good many of the Eighth Avenue line's customers. I once thought I detected a disposition to kick, in a style very like that of my grandparent, in a lively young lady who used to ride in the public's private carriage every dry Thursday afternoon.

Mr. VANITY FAIR departed when our understanding had become mutual, and I began reviewing the main points of my life, comprising adventures by Land and Sea, which will, I trust, prove interesting to both man and beast.

LIEUT. GEN. NEAL DOW

A Portland paper—name to us unknown, or we should certainly blazon our columns with it—astonishes the world after the following fashion:

"Col. NEAL DOW is the best read military man in all New England!"————!

"So much the worse for New England!" growled our Diogenes, who will take something occasionally, maugre our most pathetic remonstrances; "Too much reading has made him mad."

We gave Diogenes a shilling and told him to go out and calm himself. He took the shilling and went out. He always does, under the circumstances.

Then we began to reflect profoundly: Why shouldn't this anti-rowdy-Dow have MCCLELLAN'S place? How he would confiscate the sutler's carts, with all their spiritual contents! How he would nose out and smash a bottle of red-eye in some poor private's knapsack! How he would "destroy" the demijohns in the officer's quarters! How he would light upon the lager-bier kegs! How he would rush to battle, singing:

"Will you join the tee-total society."

There would be but one objection. Lieut. General Dow wouldn't be able conscientiously to use grape-shot. But that's nothing! Commission him at once!

Official Notice. To the Nation.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON.

The "American Whip Company" having presented his Excellency ABRAHAM LINCOLN with a splendid new Whip, the President desires to inform the Nation at large, (and specially Traitors, Contractors, windy Congressmen and the like,) that he is now prepared to execute Cuts of any required size and precision, *into* all and every abuse of national confidence!

N. B. "Proofs" of the accuracy of each Cut will be furnished gratis upon proper application.

N. B. 2. His Excellency the President also proposes, in good time, with this great national whip.

"To lash Rebellion naked thro' the World!"

HORSE, FOOT, AND ARTILLERY.

DESTRUCTIVE weapons have now been brought to a point so near perfection, that any allusion to a Sling will, perhaps, be provocative of a Smile from the reader. With that simple contrivance, nevertheless, great execution was done in the wars of olden time; and a first-rate notice of the weapon is to be found in the record of that famous encounter between the slim youth DAVID and his ponderous antagonist GOLIATH, the Bully of Gath. SLINGSBY, in his quaint old treatise upon "Ye origine and artfullnesse of ye Stone Blockade," says that, when SCILLIAS was king of Little Britain, he had in his army a regiment or brigade of slingsmen. These men, who were selected for their speed of foot as well as expertness in the use of the sling, always had their pockets full of round smooth pebbles, on account of which, says SLINGSBY, they were known to the wits of the day by the *sobriquet* of the "Stone Fleet." When not employed in skirmishing they were frequently sent on expeditions against a neighboring potentate of bad character, whose fish-ponds they once converted into quarries by discharging into them the contents of innumerable slings. By this process the waters of the district were strangely afflicted with a flavor of gin, to the extent that those who drank of them became subject to a malady called *delirium tremens*, of which everybody, including the potentate of bad character, eventually died in the respective police-stations and lock-ups. From this it will be seen how ancient an institution the Stone Blockade is, as well as how efficient it may be made.

Some of the Massachusetts regiments are improving upon the old system of bugle calls for light-infantry skirmishers, by adopting a schedule of popular airs to represent the several movements and manœuvres. This, if properly carried out, could be made very effective. The names of the tunes, for instance, ought to be appropriate to the actions which they are supposed to command. Thus, "My Lodging is on the cold ground" would very effectually express turning-in-time at night in the camps. "Take, O take these Babes!" would mean a charge upon the foe; "Sally in our alley" a rush up a narrow entry in street fighting. "Fly not yet," had this system been practised at the time of the Bull Run affair, might have checked the senseless panic that there prevailed, and gained a victory for our side. "Hoop de dooden-do" would be a good signal for surrounding a fort or body of men, the word "hoop" being understood in a circumvallatory sense; and, in cases where it might become necessary to dislodge a phalanx of the enemy, could any tune be more appropriate to the occasion than "Git out of the way, Old Dan Tucker?"

The above method of raising the wind for the army is, in our opinion, likely to be more popular as well as effective than any other we have yet heard of.

Read for Yourselves.

"The Bible is a beautiful specimen of Southern workmanship, and if I live to be inaugurated the first President of the Confederacy on the 22d of February next, my lips shall press the sacred volume which your kindness has bestowed upon me." [JEFF. DAVIS, *in a letter to a friend.*]

We are for once slightly posed by the foregoing extract. Did ever any one before JEFF. DAVIS entertain the idea that "the Bible is a beautiful specimen of Southern workmanship?" The assertion defies sarcasm, ridicule, or serious debate. It must be dismal for truthful and honest men to live now-a-days in the Confederacy. If DAVIS continues loose much longer the old gentleman, known as the Father of Lies, will become jealous of his mundane rival, and ask him to a place where he wouldn't take cold, even were the back door left open after the Southern style.

Floyd's last Occupation in Washington.

Spoiling—for a fight.

LADY BEGGARS.

Give a woman a photographic album and she will know no peace, nor give her friends any, until every page is filled with a *carte de visite*. Now, when we consider that all ladies have from one to five albums, and that each album has a capacity for from twenty to one hundred card pictures, and that the proportion of ladies in this geographical section stands, according to careful computation, three and one-fifth ladies to one gentleman, we arrive at the cheerful fact that the girl gender is actively engaged in dunning the other gender for several million heads, full-lengths, half-lengths, full-lengths—with-table-and-pillar-attachment, half-lengths, with ditto, ditto, ditto, and other prevalent styles. On an average every male between the ages of three months and seventy five years is obliged to bestow forty seven miniature portraits on his admirers, or else submit to the most incessant aggravating dunning ever practised anywhere, not excepting in a community of Tailors. Really, ladydom is becoming quite distinguished for the skill and energy with which it besets ordinary folks—meaning males—in regard to this matter. It matters not whether the damsels have known a man five minutes or five years, it is enough for them that they know him, and that he carries a head. There is a desperate rivalry among them as to who will collect the largest number of friends, acquaintances and relatives in a given period. They lay wagers as to the results and carry on a regular guerilla warfare. Of course where so much pains is taken, considerable success is achieved, and it is not uncommon to see Miss CLOTILDA or Miss CARRIE in possession of five hundred photographs. We happen to know a young female who can show thirty eight JOHN SMITHS, twenty six JOHN BROWNS, twenty JOHN GREENS, seventeen JOHN WHITES, forty or fifty miscellaneous names, and two hundred and ten portraits of persons whose names have escaped her memory. She is still gathering, and now, with praiseworthy precaution, writes the title of each individual represented. Where the mania will stop is hard to say. Probably it will never cease wholly, but vary from time to time. Thus before long we shall be politely troubled for our statuettes, done in bronze, or Tuckahoe marble. These will be expensive, but interesting. Or mayhap we shall be called upon for portraits on small bits of stained glass—done after the manner of Cherubs on Church windows. Meanwhile we are at a loss to know what had best be done with the Photograph Beggars. They need regulating. If the legislature would take up the subject and pass an act to protect the loyal male citizens from being perpetually subjected to the fierce onsets of the fair Mendicants, the legislature would earn the gratitude of the oppressed. If nothing of this sort can be procured, then let us insist that the impoverished ones shall wear a tin sign setting forth their dire necessity and worded thus:

PLEASE ASSIST A POOR PHOTOGRAPH BEGGAR.

This should be tied over the bosom, like the signs used by old-established poverty venders, burglars on half-work, invalided shoplifters, and public sponges generally. Such usually hang out a statement of "I am Blind," or "I am Dumb," or "I am Needy." These people prosper amazingly, if we are to believe the police, and the fact argues strongly in favor of our suggestion. The subdued appeal would tell well with the sympathies of youth and benevolence of age. Albums would fill up with treble the present rapidity and much less annoyance would be felt by society at large.

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

FORT LAFAYETTE, OR LOVE AND SECESSION: BY BENJAMIN WOOD. NEW YORK: CARLETON.

Three hundred pages of a romance so readable that we should like to know who wrote it. If we were asked to aver to the best of our guessing who didn't, we should without hesitation say—BEN WOOD.

THE NATIONAL SCHOOL FOR THE SOLDIER: BY CAPT. W. W. VAN NESS. NEW YORK: CARLETON.

A remarkably neat little pocket manual of military exercises, arranged in the catechetical form. We should think that an edition or two of this book would go off in "double quick time."

Perfectly Clear.

The rebel press says:

"Give us the same supply of these munitions with our enemy, and we will engage in three months to change the whole aspect of the war; instead of standing on the defensive we should carry the war into Africa."

There is a good deal of sense in that. The difficulty is, however, about getting some one to give them the supply of munitions. Of course, it is perfectly natural that the South should wish to carry the war back to Africa, where it most certainly came from.

LATEST FROM MEXICO.

THAT AFFAIR AT THE NATIONAL BRIDGE.

OUR ZOOLOGICAL RECREATIONS.

Ignis Edax.—Buffon. *Carbonarius Ferox.—Cuvier.*

Turphagus.—Vanity Fair.

This animal, vulgarly called The Southern Fire-Eater, is not to be confounded with the Salamander of PLINY and other ancient natural-historians; because, if we may credit the old fables, that creature ate fire without talking about it, whereas the beast now to be described, talks about it without eating it—a distinction which anybody can appreciate, who will undertake to lunch upon a brazier of live coals; and for the sake of science, we will at any time be ready to furnish coals and a brazier to any curious person desirous of trying the experiment at eleven o'clock, or any other hour. The *Carbonarius Ferox*, so far from manifesting any passion for caloric, takes his drinks iced, whenever he can, which lately is but seldom—ice ruling in New Orleans at $100 per ounce, with only two or three ounces in the market. But the gelid quality of his imbibations suddenly changes upon their reception into the stomach, producing caloric rapidly, which manifests itself in a burning desire to talk about murder, and the expression of an intention instantly, *à la* Richard the Third:

"To undertake the death of all the world."

At such moments, if the inebriety of this beast be very great, it may be an act of prudence to shoot him on the spot, or at least to knock him flat and senseless, which will probably be easily done, because at such times his legs are extremely unsteady, and his senses nothing to speak of; nor is he likely to renew the attack, or even remember it, except as an act of friendship, after recovery. After free indulgence, he is sometimes suddenly transformed from a biped to a quadruped; nor is he at any time averse to Going his Length on All Fours.

That this beast has at least a kind of language, or rather lingo, must be admitted. Like parrots who have enjoyed the classical advantage of long voyages, he is not seldom an accomplished master of the Art of Profane Swearing; and as apes have been known to chew tobacco, so has he, occasionally, if not oftener; and he has even been noticed to go to the extent of smoking it, though seldom, of course—very seldom, indeed!—not oftener, in fact, than all the time daily during most of the years of existence.

One most remarkable feature of this beast, is his continual quarrel with liberty, of which he takes a great deal himself, but which he is not in favor of allowing to any other animal. His constant habit is to catch and hold to hard labor, the celebrated *Homo Africanus*; but upon being himself caught in the very act of murder or treason, his howls for *Habeas Corpus* are horrible to hear—but when he does not succeed in half-killing the judge, that functionary usually declines to grant the writ, which BLACKSTONE well observes is a Writ of Right, but not a Writ of Fight.

The Fire Eater also exhibits many of those thievish characteristics noticed in the Magpie tribe of Birds; but he very seldom confines his larcenious operations to spoons or sixpences; and acting with a few others of his kind, he has been known to carry off an entire Sub-Treasury, iron safe and all. The appetite of this animal for mail bags is likewise great, and generally he is of so confiscating a nature, that he can swallow at a gulp a whole park of artillery, and then eat himself to a dessert of the balls and powder which he may find stored in the Navy Yards of Uncle Sam, and left unguarded.

The true method of capturing the Fire Eater is to give him all the fire he may want, with a few grape shot, round shot and other the like comfits thrown in. This he cannot long endure; a sufficient dose, often repeated, will soon finish him. Large parties are now engaged in pursuit of this animal; and it is supposed that most of the species will be killed, or being caught alive, will subsequently be tamed by low diet and no liquor except water.

Wit at the White House.

Our "Washington Reliable" sends us the following flash of federal fun by Telegraph.

"At the late levee at the White House, the President asked the Russian Ambassador whether he would have taken him for an American if he had met him anywhere else than in this country."

"No," said the distinguished Muscovite, who like Old ABE is a bit of a wag, "I should have taken you for a Pole."

"So I am," exclaimed the President, straightening himself up to his full altitude, "and a liberty Pole at that."

Tall talking, wasn't it?

AMUSEMENTS IN WALL STREET.

Horrible Apparition of Napoleon, got up by the little Bears to frighten the little Bulls.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MUGGINS.

How would the bland reader feel bound to treat such a name as MOUGHINS? would it be a piece of Christian forbearance to pronounce it *Muffins?* or would the bland reader lean, rather, to pronouncing the *Mough* as *plough*, and calling MOUGHINS *Mowins?* The question is a difficult one to decide, on account of WEBSTER having so confused the English language with his dictionary; but, for our part, we have resolved what to do in the matter, and that is to call MOUGHINS *Muggins*. Who MUGGINS is, then, the bland reader will learn by being so good as to read blandly on.

We have before us, at the present writing, an immense bill or "poster"—say three feet by two in size—dating from No. 402, Michigan Avenue, Chicago, and signed in monstrous black capitals by one ELIJAH B. MOUGHINS.

That's MUGGINS.

The manifesto of MUGGINS is headed "Startling Mystery," in fancy capitals four inches high, and it is, in effect, an appeal to the general public to rush forward and help MUGGINS, who has got into such a state of glamour through means of certain spells woven around him by the renowned Psychomanteaumaker Professor ANDERSON, that he, MUGGINS, is not quite certain, it seems, whether he is MUGGINS at all, or whether he is not Miss ANDERSON, the Professor's daughter. This, the bland reader will concede, would be a bad business for MUGGINS, who describes himself as "a young man about to be married." ZOYARA's was a mild case compared to that of MUGGINS.

MUGGINS sets out by stating that he is a "shrewd observer," and was not, therefore, greatly puzzled by certain performances of Professor ANDERSON, "as they were merely tricks." By and by, however, the Professor requested some one from the audience to come upon the stage, an invitation which MUGGINS accepted. Then, MUGGINS was requested to collect a variety of articles from the audience, which he did, to the number of thirty, placing them in an envelope with which he was provided for the purpose, and keeping them religiously secret from the Professor and his charming daughter. What MUGGINS did next, we must give in his own remarkable words, which, for convenience, we print in nonpareil, at the same time requesting the reader to remember that in the original they stand in letters half-an-inch high:

"I then sat down upon a bewitched box, thirty feet from Miss ANDERSON, and she described everything there was in the envelope, even to reading the initials of my grandfather's name on an old ring of his which I happen to wear on my little finger, and which ring I put in the envelope. Now, how did she do this?"

To this question the gentle MUGGINS replies by intimating his belief that Professor ANDERSON is one of those fearful beings who possess "power to detach from their bodies the souls of the living, and make them to enter the bodies of others."

Pausing on this, as in horror, MUGGINS then composes himself with the remark that "BULWER also believes in it," after which he goes off into a shriek of heavy black type, thus:

"Now observe that when Professor ANDERSON makes his daughter clairvoyant he covers her up with a shawl?

What does he do that for?"

"THAT YOU MAY NOT SEE THE SOULLESS BODY BENEATH!" yells MUGGINS, now fully awake to the ghastliest interpretation of the case.

"By psychological power and probably by skill in sorcery," continues he, "I believe that Professor ANDERSON causes the soul of his daughter to leave her body, and that soul to take possession of him who holds the envelope. I believe that there is nothing beneath the shawl but the mere living form without a soul within it, and were that shawl withdrawn, you would see it in the eyes being turned inward."

The last sentence, owing to the foggy quality of its construction, leaves us in a galling state of uncertainty as to whether we are to be "turned inward" for the purpose of seeing a shawl in the eyes of a young lady destitute of a soul, or whether a better fate is in reserve for us. But MUGGINS, true to the purpose of his manifest, proceeds as follows:

"I challenge them to take away that shawl. The very voice, said to come from the young lady, is sepulchral! You will note that. I believe her soul passed into me, and into that envelope, there learning all that I knew. *I felt a distinct fluttering* of the envelope as I held it, when the shawl was let fall over the lady. And I believe that her soul whilst existent in me imparted to mine some portions of its own knowledge; for I now know of things which my friends tell me never happened to me, and have recollections of things which have nothing to do with me. For instance, I am constantly thinking of a silk dress, with a grease spot on it. Now I never owned a silk dress, and am a bachelor."

Mark here the mysterious power of the sorcerer! MUGGINS, who never owned a silk dress, is "possessed" with one; furnishing the first instance, by the bye, so far as we know, of Silk being used for "possessing" an unhappy lunatic with instead of Satan.

The "fluttering of the envelope as the shawl falls over the lady" seems to have affected the mind of MUGGINS nearly as much as the slightly damaged silk dress. He conjures his friends and the public particularly to observe it. He is too spiritual to attribute it to the slight agitation of the air caused by the flirt of the shawl—by which expression, pray understand, we do not in anyway refer to the charming Miss ANDERSON, but to the whisk or wave of the shawl as it falls over her graceful person. He winds up, MUGGINS does, as follows, still in appeal to his friends and the public:

"Let them ascertain, also, if the soul of Miss ANDERSON leaves any of its own information after returning to its owner. If so, then my own state of mystery is explained. If not, I am afraid I am going mad, and being a young man about to be married, it occasions me serious apprehension."

Which does, MUGGINS? the anticipation of going mad or of going to be married? If the latter, we do not wonder, seeing that you have nothing better to bring your bride than a cracked skull with a damaged silk dress in it.

Bless you, MUGGINS!

THE LAY OF THE CAPTIVES.

A VOICE FROM RICHMOND.

By many a cheerful Northern hearth
In the fire-light's tender glow,
You, who to combat sent us forth,
Sit in peace to-night we know.
You sit in peace 'mid warmth and light,
Undisturbed by pain or fear,
Do your hearts, in the watches of the night,
To your brother's hearts draw near?

Our cells are bare and dark and damp,
And our blankets frail and thin,
Not a drop of oil in the prison lamp,
Little flour in the prison bin,
And the words from home—our spirits' food,
They are far between and few,
For our jailors all are of sullen mood,
And we get them not when due.

Yet we falter not, but with steadfast eye
Look into each traitor face,
Too proud in our misery, live or die,
To ask of the Rebels grace.
The flag of the Free we no more behold,
But there are our prison bars,
We will deem them the stripes we knew of old,
And beyond them we see the stars!

HACKLEY'S CONSCIENCE.

Mr. HACKLEY keeps the smallest, the veriest NUTT of a conscience that can be conceived. We doubt if Professor MITCHELL with his best telescope could discover HACKLEY'S conscience. Indeed it is merely through courtesy that we purpose assuming that he has a conscience—just as we assume for the fun of the thing that the people who grow Sunday newspaper trash have the merest apology for brains. Perhaps HACKLEY once had a conscience of goodly proportions, but if so he has certainly lost it and it would be worth his while to offer a reward of one dollar at least in the *Herald's* Lost Dog column. If any one doubt that we refer at this moment to the HACKLEY who is salaried to see that the City streets are not cleaned, they need not. He is the man, and his parents ought to be ashamed of him. In the aggregate that man is responsible for the loss of much valuable time to the public, by reason of the impassible condition of certain thoroughfares. In the aggregate that man is answerable for much sickness and death, caused by the filthy and damp state of numerous streets in every ward. In the aggregate that man by his neglect is the occasion of an immense pecuniary loss to the community—independent of the large amount which he receives from the City government in payment for his idleness.

If these facts are not absolutely correct, if HACKLEY has a conscience, or has a cousin who has, if the neglect be not his but that of others whom the public knows not, let him for shame's sake publish a true statement in the daily press, and let him fasten the disgrace that now rests upon himself on the rascals who do in all justice deserve it.

Is New York to pay an exorbitant price to the end of time for the disgusting privilege of being a first-class Sink and a City of Smells?

Wake up, HACKLEY, you Sluggard!

By our Military Maniac.

Q.—When are soldiers like trees in spring?
A.—When their leaves are nearly out.

SELF-RESPECT.

Military Man.—"IT ISN'T ON ACCOUNT OF THE WEATHER THAT I WEAR THE OVER-COAT, YOU SEE, BUT TO CONCEAL MY UNIFORM, I WOULDN'T LIKE TO BE TAKEN FOR A MEMBER OF THE HOME GUARD!"

Hydropathic.

We observe that an eminent Hydropathist is now lecturing in Washington. This is all well—now, positively, we don't mean any pun here—it is all well, we say again, sternly; but we are pretty sure if some Members of Congress take water at all—and we don't much think that they will—they will take it strictly as a medicine, with much swearing at its novel and peculiar flavor.

A drop in the Bucket.

Somebody has sent $50 conscience money to Collector BARNEY. His name is Mr. ANON, and we wish he may send More Anon. The $50, says this penitent, are "due to the Government." Dew, indeed; but some people ought to send it by the barrel. You never hear of these conscience men sending more of that kind of dew than a vial full.

Noose for the Rebels.

The following item is of a suggestive tendency, and deserves promulgation:

"Gen. HALLECK has seized ex-Governor CLAIBORNE F. JACKSON'S hemp plantation, in Saline County, Missouri, for confiscation."

The suggestion arising from this will be found in the playful pun contained in the first word of the head-line.

The Treasury Note Nondescript.

The House of Representatives gave it paper wings. The Senate added the Specie Claws.

A Bale-ful Dodge for the Planters.

The Rebel Cotton Loan.

GREAT EXHIBITION OF THE NITROUS OXIDE GAS AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE.

Observing by the dismal columns of the daily newspapers headed "AMUSEMENTS" that the Laughing Gas was to be exhibited at the Cooper Institute, one evening last week, we immediately sent our Reporter No. 23 to the hilarious entertainment, with strict injunctions not to partake of the fascinating atmosphere himself, lest he might let off some of the jokes already prepared for VANITY FAIR, and so spoil our next number. He promised, and took several refreshers at our expense, to fortify his resolution. The advertisement announced that Twelve Young Men would partake of the Gas, and that Twelve Stout Men would hold them; while they would be still more strongly restrained by a Brass Band. These arrangements for safety reconciled No. 23 to his duty and its dangers. He went up, and has come down with the following report:

YOUNG MAN, No. I. Gave his name as JAMES BUCHANAN. Said, with tears in his eyes, that he long ago stopped laughing. Thought it must be in him somewhere, if it could only be drawn out. The Professor said confidently that if anybody could draw it out, he could, and applied the nozzle to the youthful mouth of the subject. But the faster the Gas was inhaled, the more copiously the tears of the young man fell; until the Professor said that in justice to the Eleven Young Men who were waiting he must cut the Gas off. (Cries from the audience of "off! off!")

YOUNG MAN No II. The editor of *The Herald* next stepped forward and inhaled. To the astonishment of the audience he immediately danced a Scotch reel with miraculous agility, considering his tender years. He then sang "A man's a man for a' that;" which some of the company seemed to doubt. Being asked the circulation of *The Herald*, he became perfectly outrageous, and attempted to knock down Stout Man, No. 2, who had him in charge. He was led out exclaiming; "Scratch my back, and I'll tickle your elbow."

YOUNG MAN No. III. This was Commodore NUTT, by the gracious permission of P. T. BARNUM, Esq. He came blandly forward, after inhaling; and enquired if Mr. JOHN MORRISSEY was in the company? If so it would give him great pleasure then and there to lick that gentleman out of his boots. No response being made, he enquired if any buffer in the hall, not under five feet and eleven inches, would like to try it on. Failing in obtaining an antagonist, he contemptuously expressed his opinion of the physical degeneracy of the age, and retired disgusted.

YOUNG MAN No. IV. Declined to give his name, but stated that he was a Reporter upon a Morning Paper. After due suction, he delivered the following speech: "Ladies and Gentlemen; now that the blue blushes of the manly morning announce the coming of the God of Daylight, New York awakes to romantic recollections of week before last, and mighty memories of the 21st. instant, to the gentlemanly proprietor of which too much praise cannot be awarded for his princely arrangements upon the present occasion. They can be found at No. 3928 Broadway, and we advise the reader in want of such an article to give it a call." The effects of the Gas here ceasing, the Young Man, No. IV retired looking particularly satisfied.

The other Young Men went through the usual routine of cachinnation, Terpsichoreization (patent or this word applied for,) vocalism and double combats; but our Reporter, who in consequence of extreme thirst had gone out for a moment, found upon his return that a Young Man (Number unknown) of bland and prepossessing appearance, had, during the aerial intoxication, leaped the rail and cleared the house, and after nearly murdering the Door Keeper, had escaped down Broadway, with nine Policemen after him. Our Reporter immediately returned (per stage) to this office, to write out his notes.

A Repentant Miller.

The Rev. O. D. MILLER, of Nashua, N. H. writes to *The Christian Freeman* to say that after having been a Medium for eleven years, he considers Spiritualism to be a Humbug. As VANITY FAIR, after never having been a Medium for eleven years, or any number of years,—except the Medium of Merriment—agrees with the Reverend MILLER, the public may now consider that there has been an expression of opinion from both sides; and will readily see the folly of paying any more tolls to the Millers who continue to carry on the business.

RANTERS ON THE RAMPAGE.

FOLLY may well be described as a succulent pap upon which rascals fatten. The grain from which it is produced grows best without cultivation; nor is there any kind of spade—unless, indeed, it be the Ace of Spades—with which it can properly be associated or considered familiar. There is a particular variety of folly upon which a particular class of rascal appears to flourish exceedingly, and its specific appellation is religious fanaticism. The statistics of our lunatic asylums bear sad testimony to the ravages yearly committed among the fanatical fools by the ranting rascals who bellow from stumps and barrel-heads the raw-skull-and-rattlebone doctrines of such sweet apostles as MILLER, the persevering but unsuccessful prophet of crack-o'-doom. Quite lately, in a Western paper, we read that women and children somewhere out in Illinois have become victims of a new malady called "the jerks," which is, in fact, nothing more than a sort of *delirium tremens* resulting from a too free indulgence in the very pernicious and spurious spirit known as the stump preacher. We recollect listening to one of these fellows once upon a time, in a remote district, who accounted to his congregation for a vicious black eye and something like a one-cent postage-stamp on the broken bridge of his nose, by asserting that he had been "fighting with beasts at Ephesus." He pulled off his snuffy-black coat, and, hugging the air wildly with his dirty shirt sleeves, made the "beast" very conspicuous, indeed, although, to locate him at Ephesus would have been an insult to that ancient city or to any other not actually in the hands of Aldermen and a Common Council. Women who already "had religion" screamed and clawed each other to help out the idea of the good fight;" while those who hadn't seemed to get it on the spot, and went off into that tractable epilepsy which forms so important an element of the catamount version of it. The man was muscular, and oily—very; and might have made a decent figure at breaking road-metal or shouldering a hod, if he had not found "religion" a lighter and more genteel business where so many fools abounded. This is no exaggerated picture of the Ranter on the Rampage. There are hundreds of them around in the rural sections, and their way may be traced by the mental misery, "jerks" and jibberings that fall upon the households in their track, like the forest windrows in the wake of the tornado. Husbands, brothers and sons ought to look out for and "jerk" them.

We acknowledge 'de feet' gracefully.

The failure of several of our important military movements has been brought about by the indiscreet volubility of the press. In times like these, reticence is something of a virtue. We should not be vain-glorious over our victories, nor over noisy in our defeats. Still, acknowledging this, we fail to see the necessity of longer concealing from the rebels the fact that, in capturing Fort Henry, we put our FOOTE into it!

Not so Fast!

In a late Richmond market report the following rather confident assertion occurs:

"Except real estate, tobacco is regarded as perhaps the safest investment now presenting."

Moderate your transports, Mr. Richmond market-reporter. The real estate about Richmond, like the tobacco, may be destined to end in smoke.

Con: by a Funny Frenchman.

When is the composer of TROVATORE like the incrustation that forms on copper?

When he is VERDI-*gris*.

OUR CRITIC COPING WITH GOTTSCHALK.

The critics are miserably inefficient in giving GOTTSCHALK his due. They try to account for him without knowing how. You might as well try to account for drum-sticks in a roast fowl as to ascertain the cause of the brilliant pianist's success. VANITY FAIR has a good ear for music, and comprehends enough of harmonic law to feel quite confused, and to take part in discussions between the lovers respectively of classical and unclassical compositions. We know that DAN BRYANT writes finer requiems than ever MOZART wrote, and so does anybody know who ever heard his "Etudes de Four Bones."

HAYDN was a trifle more light and airy maybe than BRYANT, but that is perhaps owing to the latter's burnt-cork complexion. BRYANT is filled with *fioratura* and buys a great deal of first class *largo* of FIRTH & POND.

CHOPIN and CHRISTY, GEORGE CHRISTY, were cotemporaries like leaves in a forest, and used a good many notes. CHOPIN was rather shaky, however, in his Jew's harp obligatos. But "that was his business."

We toss off the foregoing with perfect ease, because we want it distinctly known that we cope with the subject. GOTTSCHALK, it appears, is a subject that has rather coped with the critics. This is bad, but it can't be helped, as most critics are on half-pay and double work.

We are particularly adapted for coping purposes, no matter what the emergency. We can cope triumphantly with anything from a red-lettered sign by RAPHAEL or ANGELO down to an elderly dame's nightmare in a sleeping-car. So then in our critical capacity we will cope. GOTTSCHALK, although an American, is one of the worst cases of pianist on record. He is brimful of music—it spills out from all over him. He has it very bad, especially on concert nights. Some people claim that he has more of this sort of thing in his soul, than a Brooklyn Director has morality in himself and all his little boys put together. Shouldn't wonder. GOTTSCHALK can whip any CHICKERING piano that anybody may bring out, no matter how strong. When he fights a piano he employs his handsome head as captain over his company of ten, or a hundred fingers. We believe he uses many more fingers than most players, and we can safely aver that we counted eleven thumbs on his left hand in the space of an eighth of the twinkling of an eye. His fingers are perfect in the Zouave drill, and dance the hornpipe elegantly. They are terrible suckers, like all Zouaves, and seem determined to drain every drop of music out of both their captain and the instrument. Sometimes they come reeling down the keyboard, with banjos, singing "We won't go home till morning"—but they lie. It should be borne in mind in out-of-town places that the process of piano playing is very different from that of milking, although both the piano-forte and the cow are musical institutions. A pianist lifts the melody up from the instrument and turns it loose for the zephyrs to sport with, and the zephyrs generally take delight in pouring the waste harmony into people's ears, if these happen to be open. The milker, on the contrary, employs a downward pull, and the breezes are not particular about the results attained. People who live near the Brooklyn Academy of Music have doubtless often seen the Directors out at daybreak milking their sympathising cows, and they will easily comprehend the distinction we have made. If ARTEMUS WARD were writing this brilliant paper instead of travelling for the benefit of his lecture, he would probably introduce the question, What is GOTTSCHALK's forte? and before a man could possibly insinuate a guess, reply with a triumphant gleam in his eye—The Piano Forte. If he should do such a thing as that, though, without any provocation, we should not hesitate to tell him that he did so once before when THALBERG was here, and that it escaped him at the time of the GUSTAV SATTER Bacchanals, and that, if we are not very much mistaken, he is in the habit of using FRANZ LISZT's name in the same connection.

We are happy to state that we appreciate GOTTSCHALK, for he is a confirmed gentleman, notwithstanding that he is a genius. Most geniuses get weak in their social points, poor fellows! There should be asylums for such people.

We forgot to remark that the unrivalled pianist is very fortunate in securing the hands he has, as it is extremely difficult to procure such dexterous and satisfactory workers. We are also obliged to him for his trills, and shall be most happy to see that his fingers, like the rebel soldiers, are always in good Running order.

Magic Bloom.

There is good reason to believe that some of our Broadway dowagers, whose cheeks seem to grow rosier as they advance in years, are little better than female Saucer-ers.